

ALL IN COLOUR — MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

No. 30 — 6th SEPTEMBER 1969

PRICE 1/3



The Sleeping Princess



1. The heart of the young Prince was thumping with excitement, as he hurried up the spiral staircase of the Sleeping Castle. He entered a large bedroom, and there he saw even more people who did not move, having gone to sleep a hundred years ago.

2. A shaft of sunlight streamed in through a window, and in the golden light of this, the Prince saw the Sleeping Princess. "How sweet and peaceful she looks," thought the Prince. "She has life-like beauty, and yet she does not seem to breathe."



3. "The woodman told me that she was under a wicked magic spell, and yet could be awakened by a kiss," went on the Prince. "And who could resist giving such a lovely lady a kiss?" He bent over and kissed her on the lips.



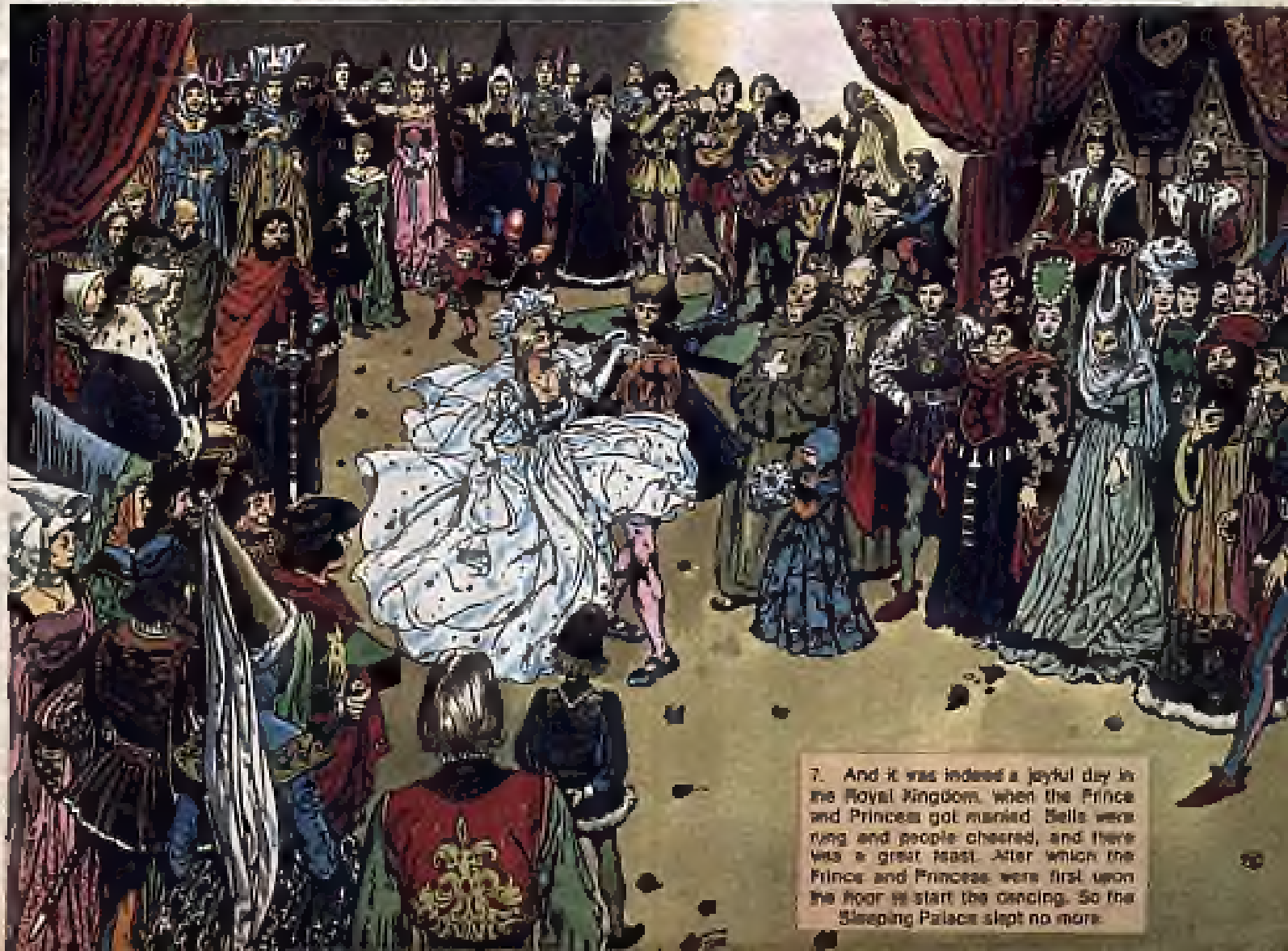
4. At once everything changed. The big room became warmer and brighter. The dust and cobwebs disappeared and, as the Prince stepped back, the Sleeping Princess moved and sat up. "What has happened?" she asked. "I feel as if I have had the longest sleep in my whole life." "You have, good lady," said the Prince. "You have been asleep for exactly a hundred years." One by one the palace servants, and even the dogs, woke up.



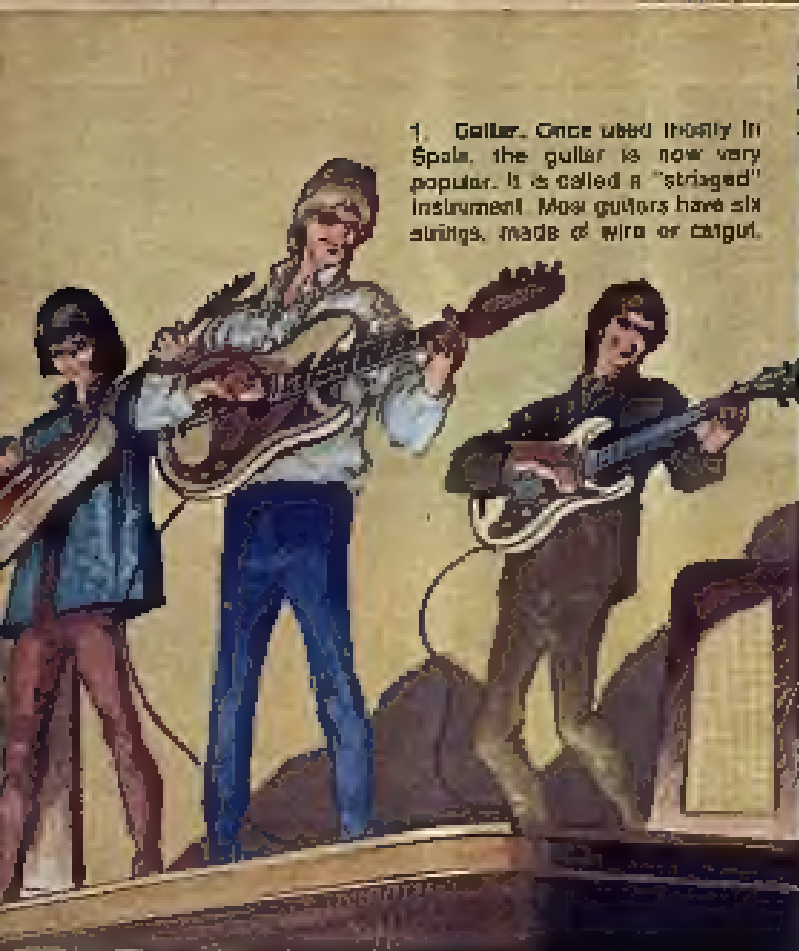
5. In the throne-room the same happened. Their Majesties the King and Queen were in the middle of a talk with the Chief Minister when they all went suddenly to sleep, and now they woke up and started talking again. "As I was saying, Your Majesty," the Chief Minister said, blinking his eyes and giving a little yawn, "your daughter, the lovely Princess, is now eighteen and old enough to get married."



6. Once again it was a happy Royal Palace, all except for one person—the wicked Ice Fairy. It was she who had cast the sleeping spell, which had now been broken. Angriily shaking her fist, she flew away on her magic broomstick.



7. And it was indeed a joyful day in the Royal Kingdom, when the Prince and Princess got married. Bells were rung and people cheered, and there was a great feast. After which the Prince and Princess were first upon the floor to start the dancing. So the Sleeping Palace slept no more.



1. **Guitar.** Once used mostly in Spain, the guitar is now very popular. It is called a "stringed" instrument. Most guitars have six strings, made of wire or catgut.



2. **Drums.** Drums are among the oldest musical instruments of all. Modern ones are very different from the drums used long ago. The drum is called a "percussion" instrument.



These are our "Allsorts" pages. Every week you can see all sorts of Allsorts. **THIS WEEK:**

All Sorts of



3. **Brass Band.** In the brass band, all the wind instruments are called "brass" even if they are silver in colour. There are many different ones, such as a trumpet and trombone.



4. **Electric Organ.** In electric organs the sound is made by air being blown through big pipes, rather like outside whistles. The smaller, modern organs produce their sound electrically.

3. **Clarinet and Saxophone.** A clarinet has no "bands" in it like the saxophone. Both are called "wood-wind" instruments, because the sound is produced by the vibration of a wooden reed in the mouthpiece.



4. **Bassoon and Oboe.** These are "double-reed" instruments. The man nearest to you is playing an oboe. The other man plays a bassoon, which makes deep notes.



Musical Instruments



7. **Grand Piano.** There are "upright" and "grand" pianos. Those shaped like the one shown in the picture are grand pianos.



8. **Harp.** This graceful-looking stringed instrument is a harp. It is played by plucking the strings with fingers and thumbs.





BRER RABBIT

This week Brer Rabbit meets his match.

By Barbara Hayes.

NOW in all the Brer Rabbit stories I have told you, children, I am sure you have noticed that Brer Rabbit has got the best of things.

But there was one time when Brer Rabbit met his match and I am going to tell you about that time now.

One day when Brer Rabbit was going lippity-clippity down the road he met up with old Brer Terrapin.

After they had passed the time of day with one another, they fell to discussing who was the fastest runner amongst the animals.

To Brer Rabbit's amazement Brer Terrapin said that he was a fast runner.

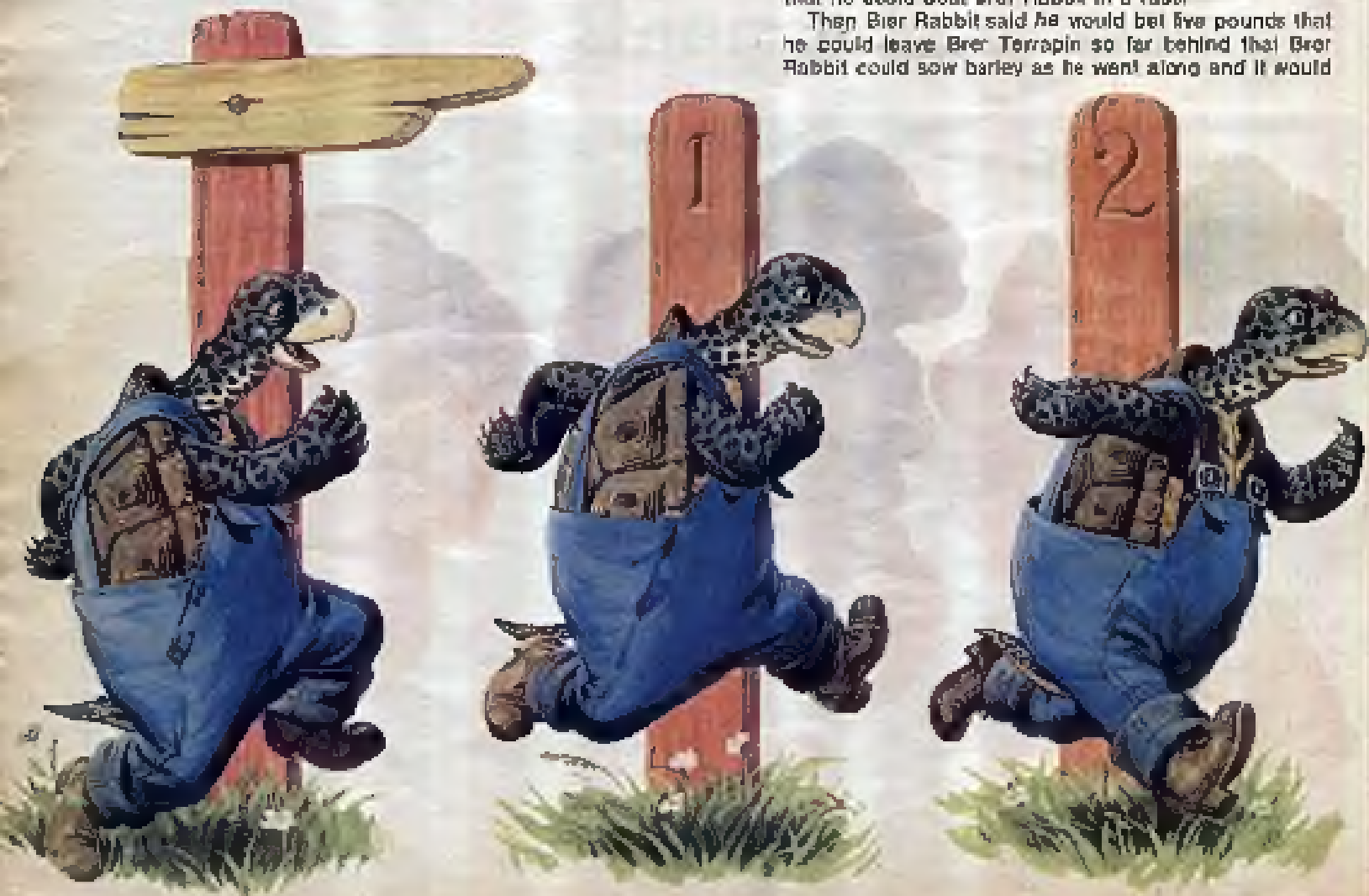
"You can't run fast, Brer Terrapin," laughed Brer Rabbit.

"I bet I can out-run you, Brer Rabbit," replied Brer Terrapin.

Brer Rabbit roared with laughter at the thought of a slowcoach like Brer Terrapin thinking he could run fast.

On and on they argued, until suddenly Brer Terrapin said that he had got a five pound note in a crack in his chimney at home and that he would bet all that money that he could beat Brer Rabbit in a race.

Then Brer Rabbit said he would bet five pounds that he could leave Brer Terrapin so far behind that Brer Rabbit could sow barley as he went along and it would



be ripe enough to cut by the time Brer Terrapin managed to catch up.

Anyway, in the end they made the bet and asked Brer Turkey Buzzard to come and be the judge and look after the money till the end of the race.

It was decided that the race should be for five miles.

The route was measured out and a post was stuck in the ground at every mile.

Brer Rabbit was to run along the big road, but Brer Terrapin said he would run through the woodlands.

Folks told him he would get along faster on the road, but Brer Terrapin took no notice.

Now, just so that you will understand what happens later, let me tell you now that Brer Terrapin had a wife and four sons and they were all the very image of Brer Terrapin himself. If you wanted to tell the difference between them, you would have to use a magnifying glass and even then you would probably make a mistake.

Now on the day of the race old Brer Terrapin and his wife and his four sons got up before sun-up and went to the place of the race.

The wife, she stood near the starting post at the beginning of the race and the children they stood by the other mile posts and Brer Terrapin took his place near the last mile post, at the end of the race.

Well, by and by the time for the race arrived and so did all the folks to watch.

Judge Buzzard pulled out his watch and shouted out:

"Gentlemen, are you ready?"

Brer Rabbit, he said "Yes."

And from near the starting post by the edge of the wood Mrs. Terrapin called out "Ready to go."

And, of course, everyone thought she was Brer Terrapin.

So the race started, with Judge Buzzard skimming along to see everything was fair.

When Brer Rabbit got to the next mile-post one of the Terrapin sons crawled out of the woods.

Brer Rabbit called out: "Where are you, Brer Terrapin?"

"Here I am a-coming!" replied the Terrapin.

Well, Brer Rabbit seemed to be just a little way ahead, so he rushed off again.

When he came to the next post, another Terrapin crawled out of the woods.

"Where are you, Brer Terrapin?" called out Brer Rabbit.

"Here I am a-coming," replied that Terrapin.

"Good heavens, Brer Terrapin is keeping up well," puffed Brer Rabbit. And he raced for the next mile post.

When he got there, Brer Rabbit called out:

"Where are you, Brer Terrapin?"

"Here I am a-coming," replied the third Terrapin child, crawling out from his hiding place.

So Brer Rabbit, he raced on to the next post, but there again it seemed that Brer Terrapin had got there first.

Brer Rabbit was amazed and he raced

for the last mile post and the end of the race, just as fast as he could.

But meanwhile the real Brer Terrapin was waiting in the woods near the last mile post.

Brer Terrapin looked back along the road and saw Judge Turkey Buzzard flying towards him.

"It's time to get started," thought Brer Terrapin.

He scrambled out of the woods and rolled across the ditch and shuffled through the crowd of folks and arrived at the last mile post just before Brer Rabbit.

So Brer Terrapin won the race and Brer Rabbit could never understand how.

Of course, Brer Terrapin had cheated dreadfully. But cheating was the only way to beat Brer Rabbit. And, after all, it wasn't often he was beaten, was it?

There will be another Brer Rabbit story next week.

Hello boys and girls,

Well, here we are again, almost at the end of another summer. Do you know what season we are coming to now? It is the time of the year when most of the trees begin to shed their leaves, and some of the plants and animals begin to think about going to sleep for the winter months. Yes, we call this time of the year Autumn, and it really can be a most beautiful time, don't you think?

Goodbye for now,

Your friend,

The Editor.





Beautiful Paintings

The robes of a Cardinal of the Church are bright red in colour. That must be why these beautiful red birds are called Cardinals, although in America where they live they are known as Virginian nightingales. In fact, the Cardinal sings sweetly but not so sweetly as the nightingale. These perky red birds can often be seen quaintly chattering to each other as though they are settling some great problem.

Reproduced from a print published by the Pallas Gallery, London, W.C.1.



This story is a memory test. Read it carefully (or ask someone to read it to you) and then try to answer the questions on page 18.

Hereward the Wake

In the year 1066 William of Normandy invaded England and defeated King Harold and his army at Senlac Hill. This battle was to become known as the Battle of Hastings.

King Harold lost his life at the Battle of Hastings but there were many English noblemen who continued the fight against William of Normandy. The most famous of these noblemen was the gallant hero shown in our picture—Hereward the Wake.

Hereward rallied his followers in the Fenlands, an area of marshy ground near the East coast of England.

For years the Normans tried to capture him but they did not know the paths through the dangerous marshes as well as Hereward and his men.

One day the Normans learned that

Hereward and a small party of his men were going to pay a visit to the monks of Ely, who lived in a monastery in the Fenlands.

A large number of Norman soldiers hid themselves behind trees and bushes and waited for Hereward to come along.

As soon as he reached the spot where they were hiding they sprang out to attack him.

Hereward had only six men with him and he saw that there were too many Normans for his small party to fight off.

"Fling off your armour and cast away your swords!" he cried to his men.

Although this seemed a strange thing to do Hereward's men obeyed him at once.

"Follow me!" was Hereward's next order and he led his men across the soft

ground in a sort of cat-and-mouse game.

The Normans raced after Hereward and his men, feeling sure that they would quickly capture them.

Suddenly the Normans found themselves sinking in the soft ground. Hereward had known this would happen. Without their heavy armour he and his men had been able to run lightly over the marshland but the weight of the armour the Normans were wearing made it impossible for them to do the same.

So it was that Hereward once again eluded capture.

Some people say that the brave Hereward at last made peace with William the Conqueror, and as a result he was given his freedom and a large area of land, where he could end his days as an honoured nobleman.

Silver Moon



WHEN Prince Amon made the long journey to China and found the lovely Princess Silver Moon he asked her if she would marry him—and she at once fell fast asleep! Ever since she had been born, poor Silver Moon had suffered from a strange illness, which stopped her from sleeping at night—and by saying that he loved her dearly and wanted to marry her Prince Amon had found the only cure.

It was thanks to Pik and Pok, the two little blue gnomes from the Moon, that Prince Amon and Princess Silver Moon had been brought together. While Prince Amon sat off on his white horse to return to India and make ready all the preparations for the wedding, Silver Moon slept and slept and slept, for three whole days.

She woke, feeling splendidly refreshed. "I have never felt better in all my life," she said to Pik and Pok. "Thank you very much. Now must make ready for a journey to the Indian palace on the banks of the River Ganges for just before I fell

asleep—heard Prince Amon ask me to become his wife."

All arrangements have already been made, sweet Princess," said Pik and Pok. "Come to the stream by the willow trees and you will see what we have planned."

When Silver Moon hurried to the bank of the stream she saw a beautiful boat made from a giant shell of shimmering pearl. And attached to the boat by ropes were the two black swans with red beaks.

"I will ride one to guide it," said Pik.

And I will sit in the boat and keep Silver Moon company," said his brother Pok.

"It's so comfortable," sighed Silver Moon, as she settled down on some soft cushions in the pearl-shell boat. "I would be happy to travel to the ends of the Earth like this."

"Your true happiness will come long before we reach that point, Princess Silver Moon," said Pok, sitting beside her.

So it was that they began the journey and Silver Moon had never had such a smooth ride as that in the pearl boat pulled by the two black swans, as she sailed serenely towards India, where she knew that Prince Amon would be waiting for her.

Next week: The wonderful wedding scene.



The Witch's Broom



1 One day a young girl called Linda was walking in her favourite part of the woods when she came upon an old broom. Now Linda's family was poor and she thought the broom would save her mother having to buy a new one. What she did not know was that the broom had been misfired by a witch.



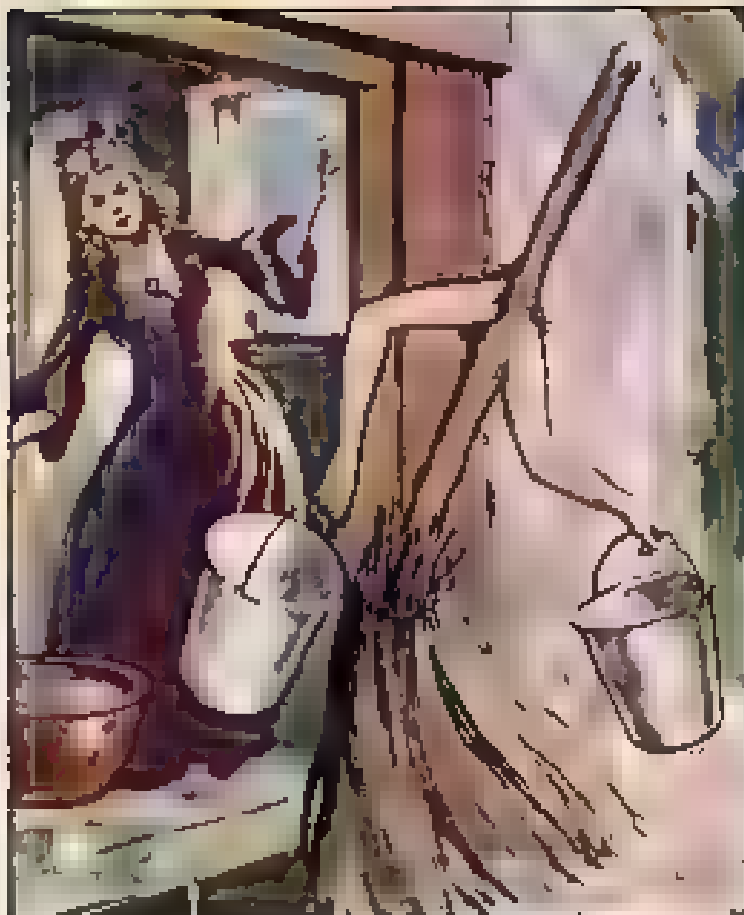
2 Linda met her mother on the way home. 'I'm just off to try and sell these eggs at the Great House,' said the mother. 'Please, Linda, sweep and tidy the house for me. Now Linda had one fault. She was rather lazy, and the one job she hated doing most of all was housework. 'It's such dusty work,' she said.



3 'Goodness, broom, I wish you could sweep the house all on your own,' she said. Immediately the broom rose into the air. 'Diddle Dee, Diddle Dee, I will not 'til the job be done,' it said, and began to sweep madly. At once Linda realised that her find had been a very lucky one indeed, for it was a magic broom.



4 The magic broom worked very fast and the house was swept in no time. 'Now polish the windows,' said Linda, not really knowing whether the broom could manage it. But by the time the windows were shining like crystal she was convinced that the broom could do anything. 'Now fetch water from the well,' she cried gaily.



4 The broom ran off in the next hour in two buckets of water and brought them to pour into the great stone water piths in the kitchen. All right that's enough," said Linda, but the broom took no notice and turned off to the well again for another two buckets of water.



5 Meanwhile the witch who'd lost the broom was looking every where for it. "I'm sure I left it here," she said. "I suppose someone picked it up and now I'll have to make a spell to call it back. And she looked very put out, because it is hard work making spells. The words are sometimes difficult to remember.



7 In Linda's home things were getting serious. The stone pithers had overflowed but still the broom kept bringing more water from the well and now the floor was ankle-deep in water. "Stop. On do stop," Linda cried, but to no avail. And then she remembered the broom's little song, which it had sung when it started working.



8 "Diddle Dee Diddle Dee, rest not 'til the job be done," the broom had said. Then Linda realised that the broom hadn't stopped sweeping until the floor was spotless it hadn't mopped polishing the windows until they shone like crystals—and it now would not stop bringing water until the well ran dry. *(Please turn to next page,*



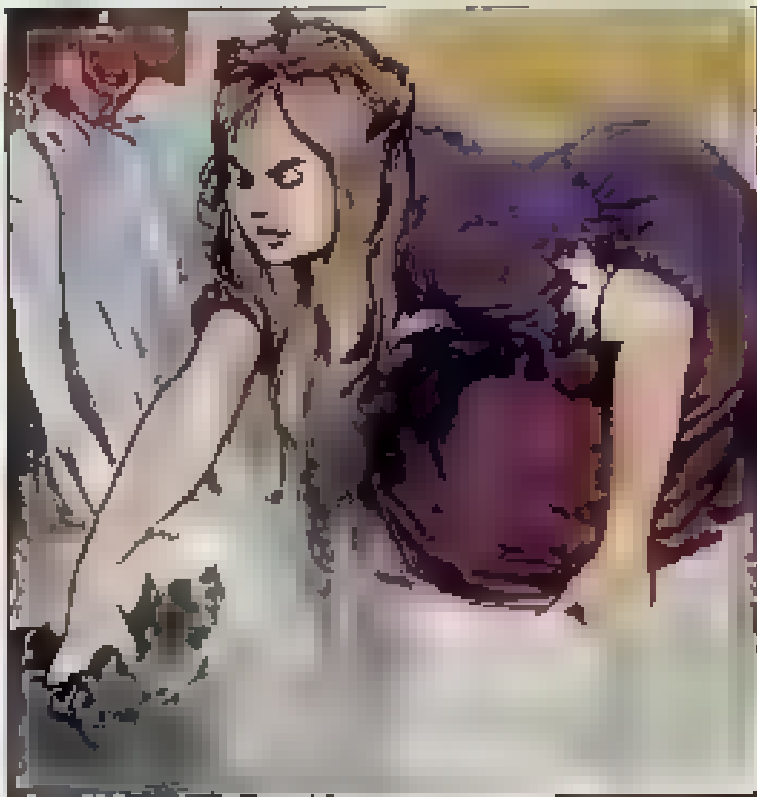
6 Desperately, Linda seized on one and chopped the broom into two pieces, but each piece became another broom, and each broom hurried to and from the well with the real carrying water. "If ever I get out of this, I'll never shirk work again," cried Linda, as the kitchen became more and more like a deep pond.



8 By this time the witch had finished preparing her spell, and was peevishly stirring an evil brew in a cauldron—leg of frog and eye of mole, skin of toad and water-vole, tongue of newt and wing of bee. "Bring my broom back, said to me," she cackled, remembering all the magic words.



1 At this the five brooms, which were now having to wade through the ever-rising water, flung away their buckets and became one broom again. Then the broom flew straight out of the door, and sharply in the air and sped away across the tree-tops to return to the witch as she had commanded.



2 Poor Linda! She watched the water-level sink and she thought of all the work she would have to do to make the house neat and tidy again. "But at least," she thought, "I'm rid of that awful broom." And she set to work with a will—and do you know, she was never lazy again when her mother wanted any housework done.

FAMOUS NAMES

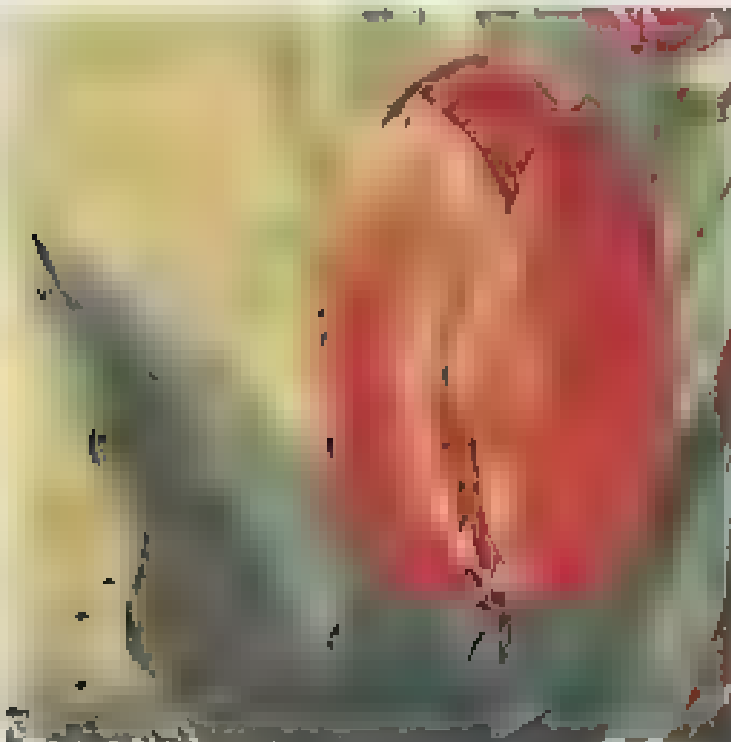
Interesting facts about people and places and things in our World



King Henry the Eighth. Of all the eight King Henrys, who reigned on the throne of England, Henry the Eighth is the one most remembered, perhaps because he had six wives. For nearly 40 years he ruled England and was a good King in spite of his many faults. He was gay, and a very clever musician.



The Roman Forum. If you are lucky enough to visit Rome with your parents you can see the ruins of the ancient Roman Forum. Among the Romans, an open space in the centre of a city was used for public business. There is another famous Forum in the ruins of Pompeii, not far from Naples.



The Tulip. This is one of the loveliest of all spring flowers. About a thousand years ago Holland—which has always been a flower-loving country—became the centre of tulip bulb production, and now millions are cultivated each year and sent abroad.



Peter Pan. This was the name given to a delightful young character in a children's play by Sir James Barrie. Peter Pan was a boy who never grew up and in the play he has many exciting adventures, including a fight with Captain Hook, the pirate.



THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE

This week the town mice take a trip on the river. By Barbara Hayes

ONCE upon a time there were two mice. They were cousins. One lived in the country and was called Winfred, and one lived in the town and was called Stephanie.

Now Stephanie, the town mouse, didn't like the country very much and she never went there unless she had to go.

But one day her boy-friend, Nigel, said to her, "Why don't you go to the country and see what it is like? It's a beautiful place."

Stephanie thought about it for a while, but she didn't think much of being called "old thing."

But before she could say anything Nigel went on.

"Punts are those flat, comfy boats. I learnt how to push one along with a pole years ago. But the thing is, that now it is the latest fashion for ladies to dress up in

beautiful in the end of the punt, while their boy-friends pole them along.

Now that next Saturday there will be a competition for the smartest punt and best-dressed lady on the river.

Of course, Stephanie no longer heard that than she made up her mind that punting was the thing for her.

Especially she loved looking smarter than the other mice.

"Nigel, you are a sweetie-pie," she smiled. "How clever of you to have found out all about this punting. Now you just see to hiring a punt for next Saturday and I'll be sure that I get the smartest outfit."

But Stephanie would not have been nearly so pleased with Nigel if she could have looked forward and seen what was really going to happen on the next Saturday.

To start with, Nigel had made a mistake

in the day. The competition wasn't on the next Saturday at all, but on the Saturday after.

And the competition wasn't to be judged at The Old Grange, as Nigel thought, but at The Old Grange, which was an hotel up the river in the opposite direction from the Old Grange.

However, on the next Saturday, not knowing what lay in store for them, Nigel and Stephanie, dressed in their finest clothes, went down to Mr. Creek's boating house at the edge of town.

"Is that punt ordered ready?" asked Nigel.

"Of course, sir," said Mr. Creek, holding the punt still while Nigel and Stephanie climbed in.

When she got in, Stephanie looked all round as though puzzled.

"I don't see any," she said. "What is it that you don't see, my dear?" asked Nigel, feeling very pleased with how things had been going—and especially as the boatman had been so polite.

"I don't see any oars, you silly," said Stephanie with a snarl.

"Of course not," chuckled Nigel. "This isn't a rowing-boat—it's a punt. You move it along by putting this pole into the water so that it touches the bottom of the river. And then you push."

Stephanie got at the end of the punt and pushed it along. It was a very nice boat, but it was not the Old Grange, which was an old master house out in the country.

Stephanie got at the end of the punt and pushed it along. It was a very nice boat, but it was not the Old Grange, which was an old master house out in the country.

"Well, Nigel, my lad," she said, "this is all very well, but where are all the others? If there is no one to admire me?"

Nigel felt rather hurt. "I'm here to admire you," he said. Stephanie just smiled.

Stephanie just smiled. She was about to say something about the competition, but she was interrupted by a loud splash.

Then Stephanie looked at all the other mice in the fields and trees.

"And another thing," she said, "I am taking me out into the country now. I know how to breathe the country with a fresh air stuff blowing my pretty dress all over the place. Are you sure you know where you are going?"

Well, actually Nigel did know that he was going in the right direction. He was going to the Old Grange, but Stephanie's remarks made him feel as lusted that he got her.

So then he let go of the punt pole. And then he leaned too far over the back of the punt to try to get it back.

AND THEN SPLASH!

The punt and Nigel and Stephanie tipped over into the water and they both got very wet indeed.

STEPHANIE WAS FURIOUS.

"YOU BLOCKHEAD!" she shrieked.

Luckily they were near the bank and the two mice easily scrambled to dry land. "Sorry, old thing!" said Nigel, "but at least we are back on the dry land."

Stephanie and don't make stupid remarks about being safe. I don't care whether it rains or not. I'm just bothered about spoiling my new dress!

And with a squelch and a slurp Stephanie sat down on the river bank.

Next week I will tell you how Winfred and Bertie found Stephanie and Nigel.

First go to the questions in the story on page 1. See how many you can answer and then read the story again.

1. When did the Battle of Hastings take place?
2. Why was it hard for the Normans to capture Hardestad in the Fenslands?
3. Which English king lost his life at the Battle of Hastings?
4. How many men did Hardestad have with him when the Normans tried to capture him?



JACK AND THE BEANSTALK



1. There was once a wicked giant who robbed a merchant of all his money. When the merchant died all that his widow and son, Jack, had to live on was milk from their cow, Milky. Soon Milky had no more milk to give.



2. With a sad heart Jack's mother decided that Milky must be sold. "With the money she brings we might be able to start a shop and make a living for ourselves," she said. And so Jack set off with Milky for the market.



3. Before Jack had gone very far he met a stranger wearing a bushy apron. "That's a fine cow you have there, my boy," said the stranger. "Will you take these in exchange for her?" and he offered Jack five beans. "No thank you, sir," Jack answered, "My cow must be worth more than that!"



4. "But these are magic beans," the stranger told Jack. "Magic beans!" exclaimed Jack, his eyes growing as round as pebbles. "I've never seen magic beans before." And so the bargain was made. Jack handed over Milky and the five beans were his.



5. "Magic beans!" thought Jack excitedly. "They must be worth a lot of money!" As fast as he could he hurried home to tell his mother what a clever boy he had been. But when she saw the beans she would have wept if she had not been so angry.



6. "You foolish boy!" she cried. "Fancy giving away my lovely cow for a handful of useless beans!" And she flung away the beans and sent Jack up to bed.



7. It was a long time before Jack fell asleep. And when he awoke his bedroom looked so strange. "That shadow," he thought, "I've never seen it before."



8. Jack hurried to the window. And what do you think he saw? Growing from the spot where his mother had tossed the beans was a mighty beanstalk. Up and up it went into the sky.
(More next week)





The WISE OLD OWL

Knows all the answers

"Hello, Wise Old Owl. Will you please answer some more questions for me?"



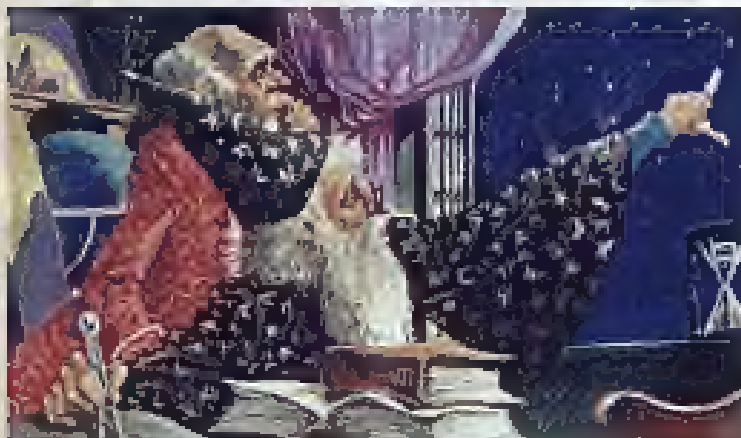
1. What is a Fakir?

"Fakirs are holy men, who live in Eastern countries, such as India. They lead very strict lives, and beg for a living. They eat only the most simple food."



2. What is an eyrie?

"An eyrie is the nest of a bird of prey, such as an eagle or a hawk. A bird of prey is the name given to a bird which hunts other animals, and birds, for its food."



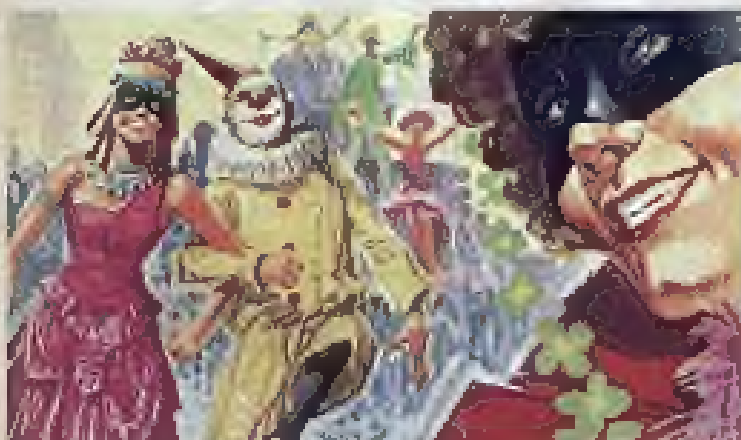
3. What is an astrologer?

"An astrologer is a person who claims that he can guess what will happen in the future, by studying the positions of the stars and planets in the sky. There have been astrologers since olden times. Today, people still want to know 'what the stars foretell'."



4. What is a javelin?

"A javelin is a short, light spear, which was once used as a weapon for fighting. Now it is used in sporting contests, such as the Olympic Games. Athletes compete against each other to see who can throw the javelin the farthest."



5. What do people mean when they talk about a carnival?

"A carnival is a happy festival, when people dress up in fancy costumes for a grand parade. A very famous carnival is held every year in the city of Nice, in the South of France."



6. What is a fissure?

"A fissure is a deep crack in the ground. People crossing an ice-field have to keep a sharp look-out for fissures, or crevasses as they are often called, for they are very deep and dangerous."